



## Rest Your Head



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### Chapter 1 by SaintSayaka

A lot of people are initially excited when they hear you've married a Goddess. Less so when they find that she isn't exactly one of the mainstream ones like, say, Happiness, or Luck, or Fertility (men in particular are excited about the latter). You get one of three people - ones that fall silent, unsure of how to continue the conversation. Ones that pretend to know exactly what you're talking about, and make awkward small talk about her. And ones that ask the burning question:

"Wait, why does there have to be a Goddess of /Pillows/?"

### Chapter 2 by adware



"Randy! Leave him alone!"

My mother throws a pot holder at my father's head from the kitchen. He ducks and chortles humorlessly, angrily.

"What? Don't pretend you understand him Minnie. Our son says he's been married two years without us hearing squat about it, he says he's married a goddess, and

he tells us she's the Goddess of fu-

Mom enters the dining room and... she's holding a pot of fresh and hot pasta sauce, and she's hol-

"Language, Randy"

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He leans forward on the table to make his point closer to my face, or to block access to his lap. He pops his P with a malice I'd hoped he'd outgrew since I last talked to him.

"Pillows."

I'm staring at my plate. I'll never be ashamed of my wife, but I'll never come between my parents in a fight either.

Half a week later and I'm sitting on a plane with my parents sitting on either side of me. It's taken this long to convince my father to fly back to meet my wife at our home in Tel-Aviv. My father has passed out in his chair after drinking the flight attendant's booze cart dry. My mother thumbs through a magazine, giving me a warm meaningful smile every now and then, which I return without really knowing what that meaning is. I stare out the window mostly, worrying about the family drama to come. Not far now.

I stare out at the planes of clouds. I blink, and I see my wife floating next to the plane, riding on one of her magic flying body pillows. I grin, surprised. She grins back.

"What are you doing?" I mouth silently.

"I couldn't wait any longer to see you!" She mouths back, I think. Then concern crosses her face as she turns her focus to something behind me.

I turn and see my father has woken up. He is watching me with disgust.

"What the hell do you think you're doing? Who are you talking to?"

"Language, Randy!" My mom snarls.

"My wife, she's flying outside the plane, see?" I respond.

He doesn't unfix his stare from my face.

"What did they do to you over there boy? How did these enemies of the state crack my son?"

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He's grabbed my collar and is shaking me, his face inches from mine. I gasp, my key on his breath.

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Suddenly his face turns redder than ever, which is saying something. His eyes roll to white and bulge from his head like soft poppable moons. I watch in horror as his travel neck-pillow starts coiling tighter and tighter around his neck.

### Chapter 3 by CheesePi



I whip towards the window, peering out through the grimy glass.

My wife has her face contorted into a snarl. Her cheeks are flushed with anger, and her small hands are clutching her pillow, balling it tighter and tighter.

My father chokes. His limp hands still clutched his throat, like a loose, flapping collar. My mother is screaming, trying to pull off the travel pillow wrapped like a noose around my father's neck. Heads are popping up around us, squinting in our direction.

I turn to the window.

"What are you doing?" I mouth furiously.

My wife's eyes are slitted. Her face is red, built with blood, but she's laughing. When she turns to look at me, she gives me a smile dripping with blood.

Something inside me rips, and suddenly, I'm standing up, pounding the window, and screaming at my wife. "Stop it! You're killing him! You're killing my father!"

For a moment, my wife's eyes cloud over.

Then, her pillow is floating closer towards me, until her face is just separated from mine, with a thick layer of glass.

She bares her teeth in a snarl, locking seething eyes with mine.

With a flick of a hand, she releases the travel-pillow from my father's neck.

I slump in relief.

Before I could let out a breath, something is twisting around my neck.

Suddenly, I'm choking for breath.

From my swimming vision, I can just make out my wife, kneeling on her pillow, balling her hands into fists.

Then I realize it,

My wife is strangling me.

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